Deep cradied in the forest clay, Long lost, it snugly slept away While winter, summer, passed it o'er Through twice a hundred years, or more; While saplings into ones upreared; While rood by rood the land was cleared; It waked to meet the world of Now.

And on my study desk it lies, A derelict, in abute surprise. Where vanished is the em'rald shade? The aisles of the primeval glade? The deer's shrill snort, the turkey's call? The Indian's measured guttural?
The moccasin, the copi or face,
The war-whoop, and the striped grimae.?

Perchance, could but thy tale le told, ome wrinkled arrow-maker, old, Another Minnehahn's sire, Close cronching by his wigwam fire, Wit patient lator, chip by chip Slow wrought thee-barb, and edge, and tip; striding over trunk and brook A Hiawatha came - and took.

The mind may paint, but cannot give The breath to make its figures live, one are the hands that shaped thee so Gone is the war for and his bow; Gone is the quarry and the oak; Gone are the wild, red forest-folk— Like their own boots forever spel; Gone all thy world, O arrow-head, -Edwin L. Sabin, in Youth's Companion.

It was noon hour in a large busi- pose in their silent breasts, and many ness establishment, and a group of a one-sided conversation did she hold, merry girls were standing by a window, chattering, as such girls will, of for them. Herself alone, and the past, everything and nothing. Even a cas- occupied her thoughts. ual glance would reveal the fact that

every girl in the establishment. From disliking her as an innovation, from the firm, under the very slack interest in Miss Triffet's movements management which had preceded her having entirely vanished for the time advent, they had grown to respect and being. love her in spite of the inflexible will to which they were obliged to bow. They had gradually recognized the fact that adherence to duty alone was the standard by which they were gauged. When this fact was thoroughly understood, it soon became a recognized fact and gave herself up to reflection. that the clerk who disliked the manager was one who would shirk her legitimate work whenever she could.

one of this group mentioned in the

It was no wender then to see her

upon her. of all the girls, and Millie Wendall seemed addressed to her personally, did not see the quick, nervous clasp and of all the people in that congreof the hands, or hear the breath sharp- gation, from no heart did more joyous, ly drawn in, as one in mortal pain sincere paeans arise than from that might do. All she was conscious of of Ellice Triffet,

was the quiet reply-

clared, "adored the ground Miss Triffet walked on."

her around.

and black!

she was not on exhibition, and break- her with a wreath of woodbine that ing away from her capter, went to her grew overhead! desk and struck the gong for the close of the noon hour.

For a few moments she sat as one in a dream, then, with a smothered exclamation she rose.

energy. How the hours dragged! It by the blow, that when a few weeks slowly .. But at last five o'clock tolled died of despair, she hailed her changed slowly cut from the great clock across | fortunes with pleasure, and threw herthe street, the gong struck twice and self into the work of the business

the work of the day was over. The same feverish energy that had

black cats raised their heads and shiver. greeted her with a gratified purr, at once dropping back into their comfortably positions behind the "Lady Franklin," which did duty for an open grate in this cosy set of apartments, which consisted of two large rooms upon the third floor, overlooking a large yard full of great trees.

as she laughingly termed it.

thoughts that she omitted her customary ceremony of stooping to pat them was on her, and in a moment she had on the head and give them a word of struck into the old Spanish ditty, so endearment. Throwing herself in her dear in the past. Over and over chair, she had just given herself up again she sang the little song, her to reflection when she felt herself gently pulled by the skirt.

"Why, poor old Jetty," she exclaimed, "It is too bad. I almost for So absorbed was she that the person are being substituted for horses in got you, you poor old crook-necked fellcw! I think I feel more for you than I do for Tippie, you poor unfortunate! We've been companions in misery, Jetty, dear, haven't we?" And she took the cat in her arms as if he had been lady, when she finally gained a hear-

room for you too!" Living by herself for years, this aiinmates could have been more decorous. Altogether, these three were well suited to each other. The year before Jetty had had some terrible affection of the ear, and instead of chloroforming him and "putting him out of his misery," as the landlady advised, Miss Triffet, in place of going away as she had intended, spent her whole two weeks' vacation in attending to awful low, like, this evening. Indeed, the sufferer and bringing him successfully through the trying time. Since lieve on my heart, he's been crying." then his head had always been turned on one side. These two dumb but in touched. What did it matter? A sactelligent animals, formed a very large rifice more or less, for suffering hu-

By EMMA CHURCHMAN HEWITT.

"Well, pussies," she said at last, the force of this office was socially far rousing berself with a shake, and above the ordinary run of such places. dropping them gently on the floor, "this In fact, many of these young girls bore won't do; pussies must have their in their faces such evidences of refine suppers, no matter what happens, ment that it was hard to understand must'nt they?" A purr and a noise just how they found themselves there. which she chose to interpret as as-To the manager, however, a warm- sent, was their reply, as they rubbed hearted, sympathetic woman, was themselves slowly back and forth known the private history of nearly against her skirt. Each having devoured his saucer of warm milk, which was their evening meal, they stretched and fearing her rule as a curtailing of themselves out behind the Lady privileges which they had wrested Franklin again and went to sleep, all

> Back and forth she went with lagging steps, preparing her own light supper and washing her solitary teacup, saucer and plate.

All done, and her arrangement for the evening completed, she sat down What a host of memories had the idle question of Millie Wendall called up, a question forgotten by the querist, almost as soon as asked! "St. John's at Easter!" How well she remembered that day long ago, when in all "Have you ever been to St. John's at | the flush of warm young love she had Easter, Miss Triffet?" inquired Millie walked to church with John Gray, her Wendall, drawing her head in from chosen one out of all the world! What the window where she had been watch- a noble man he had seemed, so tall ing a runaway, and turning suddenly and protecting-so handsome and tender, and how happy she had been! As A new excitement turned the heads she listened to the service every word lege.

Then had followed all those beauti-"Yes, Miss Wendall-once-many ful spring and summer months, that passed almost like a dream, when all "Why, Miss Triffet, how big and the world seemed made for happiness, eyes while John had sung to her the songs of love he had learned in foreign taxes. "Nonsense, Nettie, you make mo climes, accompanying himself with a blush! You must see very droll things soft strumming upon the guitar. How idea of my pale blue eyes looking big had given; what amusement they had "Look, girls! See if I am not right!" ment of triumph when she could really exclaimed Nettie, taking Miss Triffet sing the pretty little Spanish ditty all out a mistake! How ne had praised But Miss Triffet laughingly declared her and then had laughingly crowned

Then had come that awful time, that even now, after an interval of ten years she could not think of without paling to the lip, and growing sick and faint-the awful time when the news "No! No! I cannot, must not think came that John Gray had been killed now. I cannot afford it!" she said to in a railway accident and so horribly herself, as she threw herself into the mangled that his dearest friend would work of the afternoon with feverish not know him! So stunned was she seemed as if time never passed so later the crash came, and her father

world as her salvation. The spell was strong upon her to characterized her work of the after night, and underneath all her reflecnoon, was thrown into her walk as tion, was running the strain of the she wended her way home. People who little Spanish ditty learned so long ago, noted this energetic woman striding and fraught with such precious recolup the street looking neither to the lections. Never since that night, so right nor to the left, evidently see- many years back, had she touched the ing nothing, quietly turned aside and guitar, but tonight she was irresistlet her have the right of way. Arriv- ibly impelled to take it cut and handle ing at a large old fashioned house on it once more. Poer thing! A sad the edge of the city, she opened the looking object it was! The pearl setdoor with her latch-key and ascended tings loosened, a long crack across its three flights of stairs to the place she face! As she lifted it tenderly from called "home"--"Old Mald's Hall"- its case, her hands accidentally swept across the tuneless strings and brought As she entered her rooms her two forth a wail that made Miss Triffet

"Nothing but the ghost of lost happiness could have evoked such a wail as that!" she said, half aloud, while a sharp, sobbing sigh caught her throat. Reverently she stooped and kissed the poor old thing, and then seating nerself, laid it softly across her lap. With her handkerchief she delicately wiped So absorbed was she in her own the dust away and then mechanically began to tune the strings. The spell voice gaining confidence at each repetition, until it swelled forth with almost its old-time beauty and fulness. before the sound was carried to Miss Triffet's inner consciousness.

"Please, Miss Triffet," said the landa child. "Come on Tippio! There's ing, "the gentleman on the floor above for him, just once.'

Miss Triffet, "I couldn't; I never sing the value of the horses in the country for anybody. I haven't sang for years." She flushed painfully at the lion dollars at the end of the last fis-

Indeed, miss, I wouldn'task you, but being a cripple, an' all, and he seems miss," she added in a wnisper, "I be-Miss Triffet's tender heart was

with excitement, she ascended the

stairs to the auditor. "I'm sorry, but I only know a i'ew little things," she began, as she entered. "Only a little song or two; but if they give you pleasure I shall be very glad."

As her auditor turned his face to the light Ellico Triffet beheid-John Gray. "Oh, Ellice! Ellice!" he cried. "Forgive me for sending for you. My heart cried out for you so, I could not help it, dear, I could not help it! It has been so hard all these years, but I life, I a wretched cripple, dependent upon the bounty of my friends. Forgive me, dear, forgive me! I knew you thought I was dead, and it was better so-but, oh, my darling! how hungry my heart has been for you." During these impetuous words Miss Triffet had stood as if frozen to the

floor. "Oh, John!" she wailed, as with a swift motion she went to the bed and knelt by his side. 'Oh, my love! my love! how could you, how could you, all these years?'

"Sweetheart, did I not tell you I was dependent upon the bounty of my friends? How could I marry you? It was best that you should be left to forget me.'

"You are no longer dependent upon the bounty of your friends. John, dear, Your wife, dear," she replied to his questioning look, flushing till she looked almost as young as she had done ten years before, under the woodbine, "your wife will take care of you. No protests. You cannot help yourself. I shall marry you in spite of tive spoil taken from what is now a yourself. See, dear, this is leap year, and I intend to press my rights. Dear," she added tenderly, "do not break my heart by refusing to accept this from | site of a small Indian village. me. Would you not have done it for me? Life will seem an Eden, if we doing for me by just simply living and being your own true self!'

A loving smile gave assent. "When am I to be married?" asked he with mock meekness.

Ellice Triffet laughed. "In St. John's, in June," she answered softly, but firmly, as one who to be gainsaid .-- Waverley Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The shah of Persia has the long tails of his horses dyed crimson for six inches at their tips. No one else in the country is allowed this privi-

The ostrich claims the distinction of laying the largest egg. The egg, which weighs about three pounds, is considered equal in contents to twenty-four hen eggs.

To encourage the erection of beautiful residences in Paris, the author: black your eyes are!" exclaimed Net- and the air itself seemed to breathe of ties award three gold medals annually tie Julian, suddenly, a warmhearted, love. There, under the stars, they had to the designers of the most artistic impulsive hoyden, who, as she de sat, and she had listened with shining dwellings. The owners of these homes are relieved of half of their annual

A careful examination of the trees with those new glasses of yours. The well she remembered the lessons he that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are poplar. From had over her awkwardness; the mo- this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. Therefore agriculturists by the shoulders and trying to turn through, and accompany herself, with- are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailing under Dutch service, for the purpose of finding a new route to India, chanced to enter the river now bearing his name. His reports of an abund ance of fur-bearing animals in the newly discovered region inspired the Dutch fur-traders to send a ship there to secure supplies of fur. The traders built a camp on an island naming it. after the Indian tribe inhabiting that region, Manhattan. The little camp was the beginning of New York. All the region found by Hudson and called New Netherland was governed by the Dutch West India company. As the selfish company had many other things on hand, the colony was badly gov-

Charlotte Corday perished by the guillotine a hundred and ten years ago. four days after her killing of the ferocious Marat. The often told story of her face having been seen to blush after decapitation is probably imaginary; but it is true that this Roman heroine was still so much of a woman that, after her arrest, she petitioned the authorities to allow her portrait to be painted. This was refused, but she was pleased to note that an artist was sketching her during her trial, and she carefully "posed" for him, and gave him part of the few hours spent in her cell between sentence and execution. She was a beautiful woman twenty-four years of age. The guillotine had been in use fifteen months when she was executed, and it is probable that she was the first woman who was so put to death. The queen followed her three months later.

United States Horses.

The United States is the greatest horse-producing country in the world. At this time, therefore, when other agencies are coming into competition with horses for many purposes, and on the other side of the door was, many others, it is proper for us to obliged to knock loudly three times consider what it is wise to do in order that there shall not be too serious losses in an industry as great as it is widespread and interesting. A few years ago the horses in the United States were valued at eleven hundred (the cripple I told you about), has million dollars. Business depression. asked me who it was singing down together with the competition and sublent woman had learned to make com- here. I told him I didn't know, but as stitutions referred to, depreciated panions of these two speechless com- it's you, mics, I thought maybe you this stock more than one half. But rades of hers, and surely no human wouldn't mind coming up and singing there has been an appreciation within a few years, owing to business re-"Oh, Mrs. Mulligan!" exclaimed vival and ensuing prosperity, so that had risen more than two hundred milcal year, June, 1902, from what the value was at the low water mark referred to .- John Gilmer Speed, in the Century.

In consequence of numerous complaints by peasants about the increase of insects injurious to the crops the French Minister of Agriculture has ness. Many a confidence did she re as another? So flushed and trembling laws against the slaughter of birds.

SALT PANS OF INDIANS

THE PURPOSES FOR WAICH THEY

WERE INTENDED. Largest Ever Discovered Now in Possession of Peabody Museum at Harvard-Heated With Stones-The Kitchens of the Aborigines-Pottery

From Graves. That the aboriginal Indians of would not come into your bright young | North America did considerable cooking in their time has been made evident by the discovery in various parts of the United States of numbers of the earthenware vessels known as "salt pans," but whose chief use was apparently the preparation of food. These vessels-called salt pans by the archaeologist because their main purpose seemed at first to have been the evaporation of salt from the salt springs near which the Indians established so many of their villages-are the largest known specimens of native North American pottery. The largest one ever found has recently come into the possession of the Peabody museum at Harvard, writes the Cambridge correspondent of the New York Post. It measures some 31 inches in diameter by 11 inches deep. In appearance, therefore, it is very much like a big, shallow punch bowl. It was discovered not long ago by an archaeological expedition under the joint auspices of the Peabody museum and the University of California, and is an important part of the instruc-

ers in Jefferson county, Mo., once the This big salt pan, in whish the Indians not only evaporated salt from can be together. Think what you are the water of salt licks which still exist in the immediate vicinity, but doubtless cooked their elk meat or venison, is only one of a goodly number of similar but smaller utensils found in the same locality. The larger pans were all sunk in the clay bottom upon which the encampment had rested, and were therefore as permanent as any has made arrangements that were not | modern stove or oven. The difference was that fire, instead of being built under or against the oven, was brought to it in the shape of heated stones, some of which, still showing evidence of the many heatings to which the Indians had subjected them, still remained in the salt pans recovered by the Harvard and California archaeo-

logists. Near the salt pans, or native cooking apparatus, still remained portions of the ancient fireplaces in which the stones had been heated, together with the bones of several kinds of animals which formed part of the Indian bill of fare about 200 years ago. These remains included elk, beaver, deer, fox and turkey; but there were no traces of the buffalo, although buffalo remains are often found among the relics of the Indians who once roamed the more western prairies.

The big salt pan and its smaller companion pieces of aboriginal kitchen and dining room economy were natturally not the only evidence of early Indian life found in the old village so long hidden under the plowed furrows of modern agriculture. The excavation, not yet fully completed, has already revealed a cemetery as well as a village, the cemetery differing from most of the Indian burial places already found and opened in various parts of the United States, in that it was very much smaller than was usually the case. Although occasional isolated graves have been discovered, the eperience of previous archaeological investigations would have led naturally to the epectation of finding either a very small group of graves, each containing one skeleton or several skeletons, or a very large one embracing hundreds of burials. In this case only 27 graves were discovered, although this number represented the burial of several times as many In-

In the graves, which were probably not earlier than the 17th century, were found many smaller specimens of pottery, chiefly earthenware bowls in which the friends and relatives of the departed warriors had placed what they considered would be food enough to last them during their journey to the happy hunting groundsone bowl in some cases having evidently been considered sufficient for two warriors, while in other cases a single warrior, perhaps a very hungry one during his lifetime, had been supplied with several. These bowls, in interesting contrast with a somewhat similar custom that existed among the European nations of antiquity, in which the buried food vessels were almost always broken in pieces before burial, were nearly all unbroken. Like the larger cooking pans, they were made of clay-in many cases, perhaps, the clay taken from the banks of the small creek that still connects the site of the village with the Missig. sippi river, about one and a half miles distant-mixed with finely broken shells and moledel by hand. But whether the Indians actually made their pottery is one of the debated been argued, especially in the cases of pans, that it may have been an inher- the snake. itance from more civilized ancestors.

Taking Care of the King.

How well the people know King George of Greece and how attached they are to his person is evident from the following anecdote. One summer -I believe it was the season following the assassination of President Carnot -the French government through excess of caution, surrounded the king with a burdensome escort of detectives, who made his majesty's life miserable. One day the king, as was his custom, went for a walk in the country, and, as his majesty was alone. a plain clothes agent kept him well in view, never losing sight of him. So evidently was ne shadowing the king that a brave peasant, mistaking his intentions and taking him for an anarchist, approached his majesty, saluted his respectfully, and in a mystertous whisper said: "Beg pardon, your najesty, but there's 'one of them' following you. But keep your mind easy: element in this Ionely woman's happ: manity! Why not this kind as well ordered a stricter observance of the live got my eye on nim."--Pall Mall

GERMAN TOY INDUSTRY.

Home Labor Is Being Supplanted by

Large Factories. The toy industry of the Erzgebirge, or ore mountains, which has been developing for centuries has been slow ly drifting into economic difficulties, according to a report of Consul Monaghan at Chemnitz. With the application of steam power and modern machinery to the production of toys the house industry has gradually been forced to the wall. With an increase in the price of wood and a decrease in the price of finished product, these people of the mountains have been put into a position where it is necessary to toil night and day for a meagre existence, which is apparently becoming more and more severe.

For some years the labor press of this part of the country has busied itself with a portrayal of the wretched conditions existing among the peasants of the mountains, with the result that an investigation was recently made by the industrial commission of Freiburg, which largely substantiates even the strong representations of the labor organs. The main points of the report of this commission may be summarized as follows:

The number of large establishments engaged in the manufacture of toys is increasing. This might be considered prima facie as a welcome sign were it not for the fact that the toys are not manufactured upon the regular factory plan with hired hands, but are made by men who have rented space and machines quite independently of one another, and who form a farm near the meeting of the Little sort of voluntary association banded Maramae and the big Mississippi rivtogether only for the sake of economy in roof and equipment, but carrying on their own separate businesses. A disinclination is said to prevail among the young men to enter a factory on the basis of wage earners and be subjected to the immediate control, supervision and direction of an employer. Rather than earn the higher income afforded by the factory wage, the young men in the hills prefer a much more meagre existence in the independence and freedom of their own homes. Because of the fact that the inhabitants of the mountains make but few and simple demands upon life, the real wretchedness of their situation is said to be but rarely fully appreciated.

The wage conditions existing in the toy industry can be readily observed from the following figures prepared by the commission referred to. The most remunerative branch of the trade affords a gress income of from 24 to 40 marks (\$5.71 to \$9.52) per week. one-half of which may be considered as profit. In other branches the net income is as low as 6 to 9 marks (\$1.42 to \$2.14) per week. It must be remembered that these incomes are not the earnings of a single person, but represent the labor of entire fam-

How inconcelvably small the price paid for certain kinds of toys is can be seen in the case of pencil boxes of the cheapest quality, for which the maker gets from 48 to 58 cents per gross, or 1 about 1 1-3 cents a dozen.

The daily meals of these people are reported by the commission to be confined largely to potatoes, linseed oil, bread and coffee, and, at times, meat on Sundays.

With the price of wood rising, toy factories increasing in numbers in other parts of the country and the people of Erzgebirge must in their increasing wretchedness find some ers of toys who operate large factories in this neighborhood report good business, and are of the opinion that the house industry of the Erzgebirgo is doomed and that the peasants will production and enter factories.

America's Future Climate.

On the whole, the winters will become milder, the summers dryer and dustier. Like the Nile, the lower Mississippi will protect its own, but the midland region of the great cotton belt will become as dry as a Kansas holiday. No irrigation will avail to undo all the mischief of what Parson Brownlow used to call the "run and ruin system of agriculture," the antebellum plan of wearing out the orgaple life of one district and then pushing on to devstate the next. Some 12,000,000 acres of cotton lands were wasted in that manner and now sigh to heaven in the form of barren bram ble fields, torn by deep gullies, and getting dryer and gulchier from year to year. Springs are falling and the migratory locust, the ominous harbinger of the desert, has made its appearance on the Atlantic coast plain. Droughts will become more frequent all over eastern America.-National Magazine.

Fight With Swamp Serpents. While Charles Wilcox was gather-

ing huckleberries at the head of Union Lake pond in Miliville, N. J., one aitermoon, he had an encounter with two huge rattlosnakes. At the first note of warning Wilcox ran and secured a stout hickory club. He then cautiously retraced his steps and found questions of archaeology, and it has a huge reptile coiled and ready to strike. After a desperare struggle of the larger and more difficult cooking half an hour he succeeded in killing Scarcely had he fastened a rope

to his victim when he heard a rattle behind him, and jumped in time to escape the fangs of a larger snake. He left the swamp at once, and returned before dark with his double barrelled shotgun, but could find no trace of his second adversary. The snake he killed measured five feet three inches, and had 16 rattles and a button. This is the fourth rattlesnake Wilcox has killed in the last year.-Philadephia Inquirer.

Appreciation.

"Whatever success I have achieved." said Mr. Meekton, "I must give Henrietta credit for.' "Yes, but what have you accom-

plished?" "Well," he answered after some thought, "I am a pretty good hand at building a fire in the morning and seeat night."-Washington Star.

The counterfeiter may believe that "imitation is the sincerest flattery."

RED TAPE IN GERMANY.

An Unpleasant Eperience with the Police of Berlin.

The other day I had the experience of changing houses in Germany, writes a correspondent of the London Sketch. It is an experience I can heartily recmmend to those who are desirous of occoming more intimately acquainted with the perfected complications of German police methods. Before removing from my old flat I spent half an hour reporting my impending departure to the authorities. First, I had to write out particulars of my various Christ'an names (which, unfortunately, happen to be many), of my age, place of birth, nationality, religion, and of my number in the registry of the income tax commissioners. Although the police had long been in possession of these particulars, which I had communicated to them on at least twenty previous occasions, it was necesary for me to make three fair copies of them and of similar details relating to my family. Then came the ser vants, whose places of nativity, ages, religions and other marks of identity had to be recorded with equal precision an equal number of times. When I had finished I gathered the documents into a bundle and despatched them to the police by the conclerge. My family, my belongings, and my servants arrived in due course in the new dwelling, and as soon as my writing room had been placed in order, I sat down to narrate afresh the story of their birth, profession, religion, nationality and taxation number. After the requisite number of copies had been filled up and signed by my landlord I had them hastily conveyed to the po-

fused, however, to accept them except on production of a copy of the same details, stamped and authenticated by the pelice of my fermer parish. With this copy I had, unfortunately, omitted to provide myself. I dutifully despatched an express messenger to my evacuated dwelling to repair the omission, and imagined that I had now brought my negotiations with the poice to a successful conclusion. Alas! I was mistaken, for three days later the postman delivered a couple of important looking documents, of which one related to myself and fam-

lice bureau. The officer on duty re-

ily and another to the affairs of the housekeeper, who comes under a different set of police regulations to those obtaining in the case of ordinary servants, I found that my presence was required at the police bureau for the purpose of supplying answers to a long catalogue of questions. On this occasion I had to repair to the bureau armed with a big bundle of birth, confirmation, marriage, vaccination, and other certificates. These were examined and found satisfactory, but they were inadequate to satisfy the official thirst for knowledge. My father's age, profession, and place of residence, my mother's maiden name and age, I either gave correctly or approximately, but when the sympathetic policeman demanded the age and maiden and matrimonial names of my motherin-law, I was fain to confess ignorance, and did so. The Hardest Worked of Seamen.

The stokers are the hardest working of all classes of labor on board steamships. From intimate association with them in their labor and from knowledge of low orders of labor on shore. I can say without hesitation that, as price of toys falling, it seems that the | a class, ship's firemen and coal passers or trimmers perform more ardaous and repulsive work than the minother means of sustenance. Export- ers in thin veins in the anthracite region, the miners in the hot mines of Montana, the glass blowers of the gas belt, or the grimy toilers in the rolling mills. They receive proportionately less pay. They usually work in be forced to give up their independent | four-hour watches, four on and eight off. Their location is in front of the firing ends of the battery of ships boilers or in the bunkers where the coal is stored, both of these being in the very bowels of the ship. The quarters are cramped, the air full of noxious gases, the light, the terrible glare of the raging fires, and the temperature ranging from 105 to 140 degrees Fahrenhelt. The most that even the Cunard line pays picked firemen for their mail boats is \$40 per month. The American line has its price regulated at an average of something over \$30, though at times it equals the best rate.-B. Brandenburg, in Leslie's Monthly,

> Perils of the Lumbermen. A crew of seven men were loosening timbers from the rocks above a great catalact on the river Des Quinze. The nearer they worked to the head of the rapids the more imminent grew their peril. At last the cautious steersman-a half-breed named Polson-refused to venture further the lives of his crew. The foothardy foreman ordered him out, stepped aboard, and took Polson's steering paddle. Out from the bank they shot swiftly, and down the steep incline. All went well until they wished to turn their boat beside the rocks that blocked the timber, when to their consternation the speed of the boat slackened. Managing to point her bow upstream, they rowed with all their strength. For some seconds she never moved. Surely the demon of the rapids had caught them. With pounding heart and panting breath, they tugged with all their might and main, but to no purpose. Inch by inch, with increasing rage, he drew them, until, at last, with a deafening roar he hurled them, boat and all, like a javelin, into the very depths of the gigantic cauldron of boiling foam .--Arthur Heming, in Scribner's

The Successful Physician. During the time spent in this hos-

pital I learned many things that no text book teaches, among them the secret of the successful physician. I discovered that while knowledge was a necessity it was not the only thing -tact, energy, sympathy and kindliness counted for more. The most competent physician was not inevitably the most prosperous, while the assiduously attentive ignoramus, who made up in care what he lacked in skill, kept the hospital crowded, and reverence, gruffly made answer: ing that the basement door is locked in the fullness of time had his own sanitarium -- Everybody's Magazine.

the monotony of existence,

HYPHENATED NAMES.

Fee the hyphenated name
Of the fashionable dame
In the Sunday morn edition
Of the "Social Statistician"—

a situal by Widows

See the name: Mistress Stensellaer-Van Cooper-Fitz Llews ellyn-Standi-h-Emyth Now, therewith Goes descent from Knickerbockers, Sturdy puritanic knockers

Who knocked rotalty to bita Welshmon-kindly note the "Fitz!" So you see That the name's a pedigree. Should this style continue for Say, a hundred years or more, Fashionable appellations Will display their hyphenations

By the score: Mistress Stensellaer-Van Cooger-Fitz Llew-Standish-Smyth - Hohenstaufen - Poniatowski-Montmorency-Metternich-Probenuszoff-Fustyama-The O'Grady-Wu Ting Fang-Mc-Intesh-Carracciolo - Hassan - Athenopou-

Ponaloza - Esterhazy - Aguinaldo - Crasy Thus of course, Showing the ramifications Grafted on by all nations-

For, in these days, of the man And the maid American Such will be Probably the pedigree,
-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUMOROUS.

Hoax-He is a man of many callings. Joax-A jack of all trades, eh? Hoax

-No: a train announcer. Hobson-How is your brother doing at college? Dobson-Fine. He's singing first tenor and playing second base.

Teacher-Willie, what would be the first thing to do if a boy should be sunstruck? Willie-Let him stay home from school.

"Is she fond of the military?" "I should say she was. Why, she has all her books bound in one color, so they, will be uniform."

New Boarder-What's the row upstairs? Landlady- It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.

"He took some fine views with his camera." "Yes. There was nothing else he could take without laving it charged up extra in the hotel bill."

Blobbs-Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected. Slobbs-What is he doing now? Blobbs-Writing essays on the decline of the dra-

LaMontt-There goes a man who has done much to elevate women. La Moyne-Great suffrage reformer? La Montt-No; maker of high French heels. Sharpe-Wonder where the author

of 'Wild Animals I Have Met' got his inspiration? Whealton-Prabably gasing at the bulls and bears in the stock exchange. "Is your wife a good cook?" asked

echoed the flat dweller. "Say, you just ought to be around when she roasts the janitor." "Now here is a hatpin," said the kindergarten teacher. "What is it

the visitor from out of town. "Is she?"

used for?" "To button your shoes with." replied the little girl at the foot of the class, Gritty George-Yer cat is washin' ita face, mum. Dey say it is de sign of rain. The Lady-Yes; and I guess if

you were to wash your face it would be the sign of a hurricane. Mrs. Bates-You must miss your husband awfully, Mrs. Stipple, he was such a good man. Mrs. Stipple-Miss him! I guess I do! I always depended upon him so to whistle the dog into

the house at night. "Is this town getting richer," asked the drummer, "Must be," replied the native; "the society reporters used to say the matrons were 'superbly dressed,' but now they state they were 'superbly gowned.' "

Miss Beacon (from Boston)-I suppose you encouraged your daughter to study Browning? Major Wick-The practical kind. Miss Beacon-Practical? Major Wick-Yes; browning beefsteak and potatoes.

"I'll bet a dollar if I should ask you to marry me you'd refuse," ventured Gussie, trying to inject a little more spirit into the conversation. "My, but you're a cheap one!" responded the girl. "W-w-w-why?" stammered Gussie. "Because you won't bet more than a dollar on a sure thing."

Where Richelieu Is Burled.

Although a stern edict has gone forth to no longer bottle up the new wine of science and letters in the old receptacle of Richelleu, even official iconoclasts have spared the familiar dome which covers the great cardinal's tomb. The new Sorbonne, however elaborate, would hardly be the Sorbonne at all without Richelieu's splen did chapel as its heart. Students and professors no longer have to bow before the altar, and no Sorbonne doctors fill the pulpit; but whose chooses can enter and either find a service, or at least view the beautiful sarcopha gus beneath which lies the dust of the great Armand Jean du Plessis himself, in the midst of the institution he builded anew, lavishing the millions of his private fortune thereon, and even mortgaging the estate of his heirs. Above the tomb has in recent years been suspended his carefully preserved cardinal's hat, while the head itself. savagely severed when the tomb was violated-in 1793, has also been miraculously recovered and replaced on the embalmed remains. Even the tomb itself was carted away and kept for many years at the museum,-Edmund R. Spearman, in Scribner's.

The Caddy's Reply.

Unlike his nephew, Lord Salisbury was never a great goif player, although occasionally when visiting Mr. Balfour in Haddingtonshire "amused" himself, to quote his own expression, with a game. One day the noble lord struck too low with his iron, and asked his caddie:

"What have I hit?" The youngster, who was without "Scotland."

It is estimated that \$400,000,000 of The chronic kicker at least varies British treasures lies sunk along the route from England to India.